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GUEST STARRING
THUNDERSTRIKE!™

AVENGERS® ASSEMBLE!

30TH™

30 YEARS
1963-1993

SMITTY 93

I AM THE *WATCHER*, A MEMBER OF A STARBORN RACE OF BEINGS WHO ATTAINED *IMMORTALITY* BEFORE YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM WAS EVEN *BORN*.

WHEN YOUR SUN SPEWED FORTH THE ELEMENTS THAT FORMED ITS *PLANETS*, I WAS THERE WATCHING.

WHEN A CHANCE *COLLISION* BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND AN ERRANT PLANETOID CAUSED YOUR WORLD'S *MOON* TO FORM FROM ACCRETED DEBRIS, I WAS THERE WATCHING.

AS EARTH'S ATMOSPHERIC GASES COALESCED INTO *OCEANS*, I WAS THERE WATCHING.

AS *LIFE* SPRANG FORTH IN ITS SINGLE-CELLED SIMPLICITY, AND BEGAN ITS RELENTLESS MARCH TOWARD *COMPLEXITY* AND *DIVERSITY*, I WAS THERE WATCHING.

MINE HAS BEEN A SOLEMN, SOLITARY EXISTENCE, BUT NO BEING WHO HAS EVER FOUND HIS *TRUE CALLING* IN THE COSMIC SCHEME CAN COMPLAIN.

STILL, IT WAS ONLY IN THE PAST MILLION YEARS, WHEN THE BEING KNOWN AS *MAN* AROSE FROM THE *ZOOLOGICAL MIRE*, THAT I HAVE TRULY COME TO *LOVE* MY WORK.

FOR FAR BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF ANY *NATIVE CREATURE* THAT HAS COME BEFORE HIM, MAN HAS LEARNED TO ALTER HIS *ENVIRONMENT*, AFFECT HIS BIOLOGICAL *DESTINY*, AND CHART HIS *HISTORY*.

AND IN RECENT TIMES, I HAVE LEARNED TO PEER INTO *DIVERGENT HISTORIES*, WORLDS WHERE EVENTS TOOK A DISSIMILAR COURSE FROM THE REALITY OF WHICH YOU ARE AWARE.

CONSIDER THIS ALTERNATE POSSIBILITY. WHAT IF *I* WERE NOT THE BENIGN PRACTITIONER OF *NON-INTERFERENCE* I HAVE BEEN FOR THE PAST 4.6 BILLION YEARS...

IN OTHER WORDS,

WHAT IF THE WATCHER HAD R ITY?

UH, EXCUSE ME--

MARK GRUENWALD WRITER • *ANDY SMITH* PENCILER • *RALPH CABRERA* INKER • *JANICE CHIANG* LETTERER

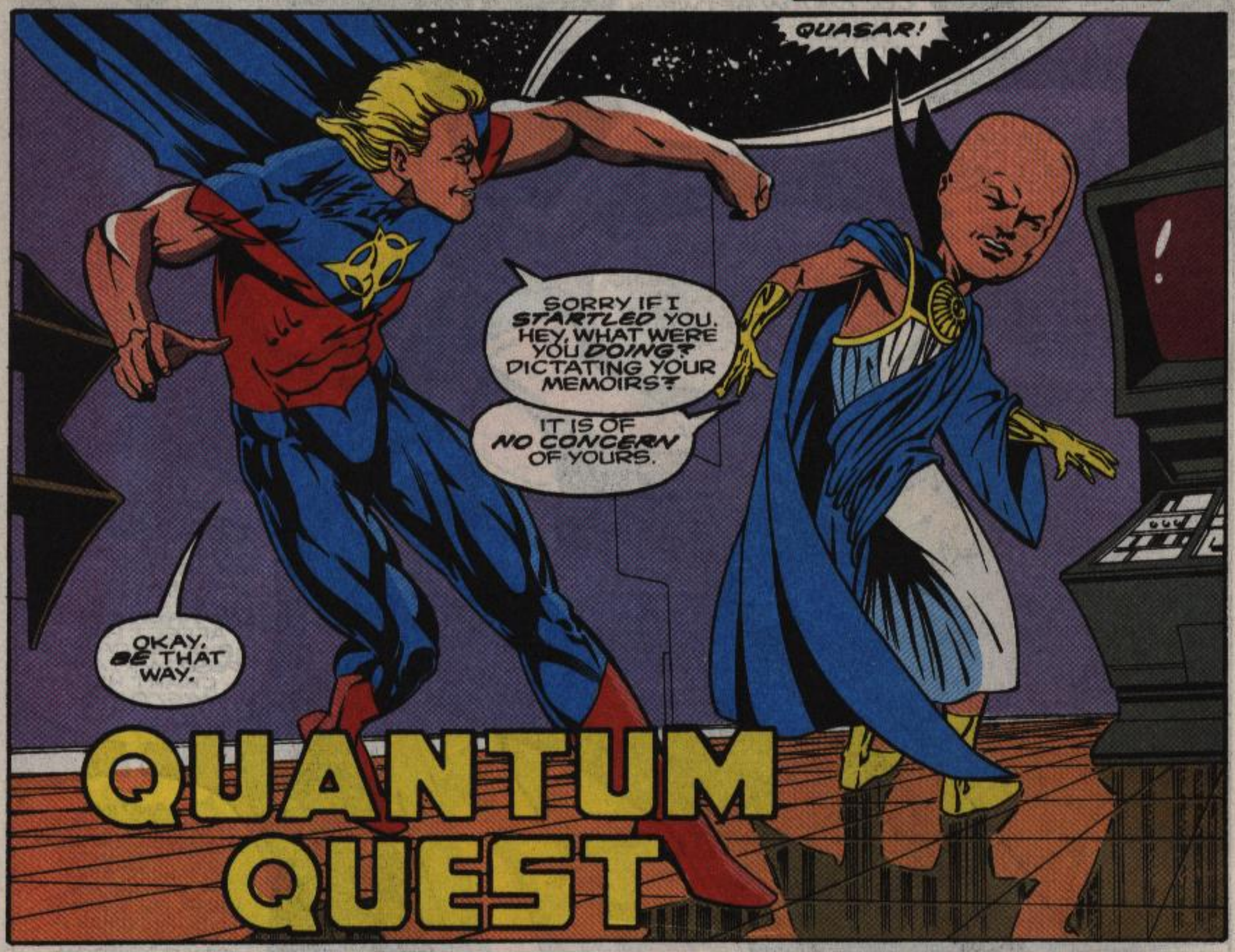
PAUL BECTON COLORIST • *MIKE ROCKWITZ* WHALER WATCHER • *RALPH MACCHIO* GROUP WATCHER • *TOM DeFALCO* WATCH REPAIR

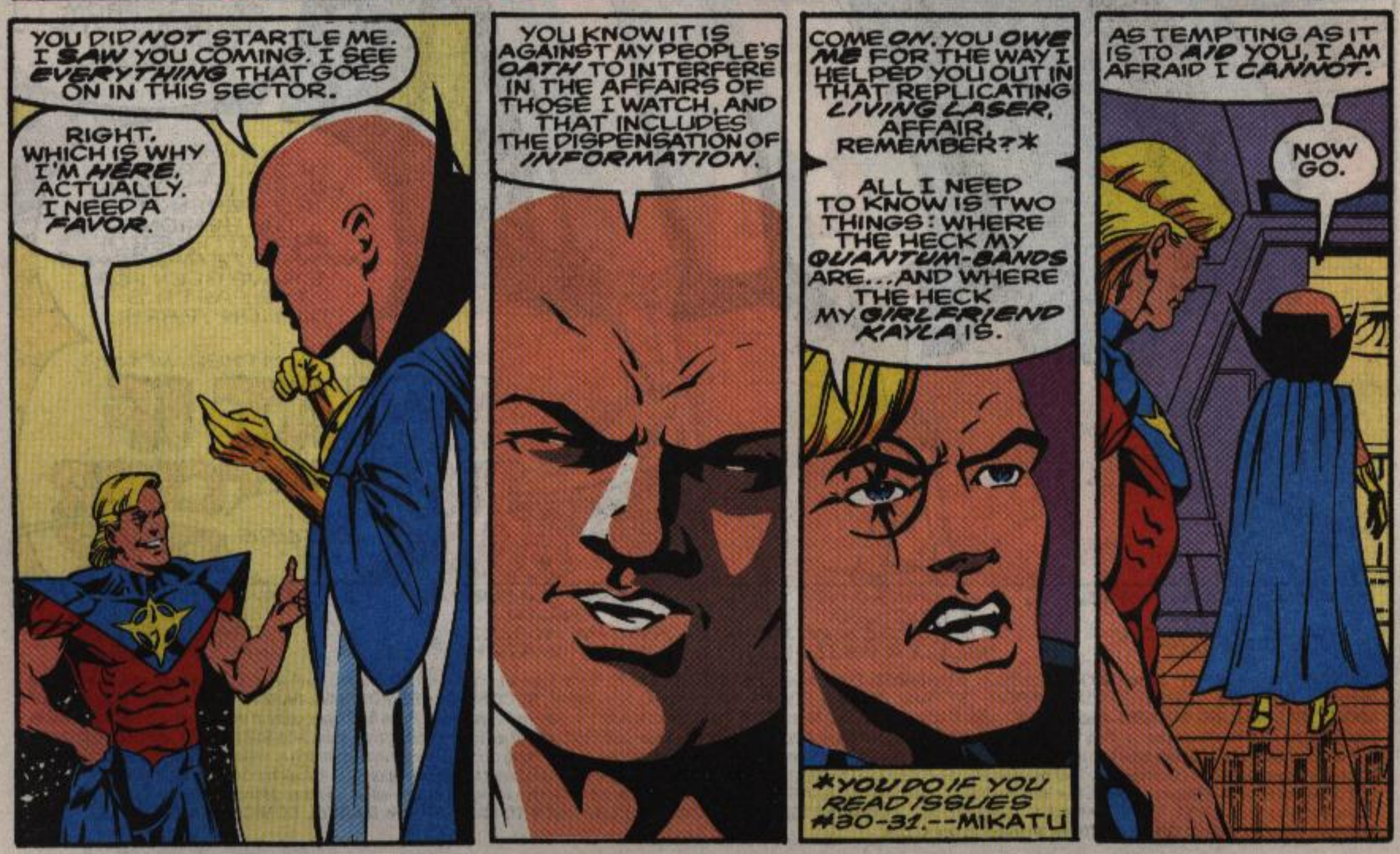
QUASAR™ Vol. 1, No. 47, June, 1993 Issue. (ISSN #1051-6832) Published by MARVEL COMICS; Terry Stewart, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $15.00; Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. All other foreign countries must add $12.00. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. QUASAR (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO QUASAR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Printed in the U.S.A.**

WENDELL VAUGHN. . . THE FIRST EARTH MAN EVER APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. BONDED TO THE ENERGY-TRANSFORMING QUANTUM-BANDS THAT ARE BOTH WEAPONS AND SYMBOLS OF HIS STATION. HE FIGHTS AN ONGOING BATTLE TO DEFEND ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE FROM COSMIC EVIL!

Stan Lee presents

QUASAR


QUASAR!
SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU. HEY, WHAT WERE YOU DOING? DICTATING YOUR MEMOIRS?
IT IS OF NO CONCERN OF YOURS.
OKAY. BE THAT WAY.
QUANTUM QUEST


YOU DID NOT STARTLE ME. I SAW YOU COMING. I SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN THIS SECTOR.
RIGHT. WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE. ACTUALLY. I NEED A FAVOR.
YOU KNOW IT IS AGAINST MY PEOPLE'S OATH TO INTERFERE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THOSE I WATCH, AND THAT INCLUDES THE DISPENSATION OF INFORMATION.
COME ON. YOU OWE ME FOR THE WAY I HELPED YOU OUT IN THAT REPLICATING LIVING LASER, AFFAIR, REMEMBER?*
ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS TWO THINGS: WHERE THE HECK MY QUANTUM-BANDS ARE... AND WHERE THE HECK MY GIRLFRIEND KAYLA IS.
AS TEMPTING AS IT IS TO AID YOU, I AM AFRAID I CANNOT.
NOW GO.
*YOU DO IF YOU READ ISSUES #30-31.--MIKATU

WHY, THAT MOON-FACED SO-AND-SO! LAST TIME I EVER DO HIM ANY FAVORS!

I KNOW HE'S NOT ABOVE LAYING ON INFORMATION NOW AND THEN WHEN IT SUITS HIS PURPOSES--

--THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND AVENGERS HAVE TOLD ME SO!

SO WHY IS HE HOLDING OUT ON ME, THE PROTECTOR OF THE WHOLE COCKAMAMIE UNI--

--WHAT'S ON THAT VIEWSCREEN?

NOT ZOT! I RECOGNIZE THAT THING--IT'S THE COSMIC FETUS I SAVED FROM THE SOUL-EATER!*

AND IN ITS EMBRYONIC SAC--MY QUANTUM-BANDS!

HOW IN THE WORLD DID THEY GET THERE!?

*ISSUE#36.--FETA-MIKE

HA. HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

THAT RASCALLY WATCHER DID HELP ME, WHILE PROVIDING HIMSELF PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY THAT HE DIDN'T!

MAYBE OL' UATU IS WORRIED ABOUT BEING WATCHED HIMSELF, SO HE WANTED TO BE CIRCUMSPECT.

OKAY, MAN IN THE MOON, YOUR SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME!

ONLY GAVE ME HALF THE INFORMATION I WANTED, BUT IT'S BY FAR THE MORE IMPORTANT HALF.

ONCE I GET MY QUANTUM-BANDS BACK, I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH EPOCH*--ASK HER TO USE HER COSMIC AWARENESS TO FIND WHERE KAYLA'S BEEN WHISKED OFF TO!

*QUASAR'S COSMIC GOD-DAUGHTER.--MIKOCH

OKAY, LET'S SEE NOW... HOW AM I GOING TO SHAG ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE GALAXY TO *GET* THE FETUS...?

...I COULD TRACE THE TRAIL I MADE BACK FROM IT USING THIS WEIRD VISION POWER THE *STARBRAND* HAS GIVEN ME--

--BUT I KEEP HAVING THE NAGGING SUSPICION THAT THE *STARBRAND POWER* I GOT IS GOING TO *PUNK OUT* ON ME COMPLETELY.

BEFORE I GO GALAXY-GALLOPING, I'M GOING TO SCROUNGE UP SOME *COSMIC-CLASS HELP* TO ESCORT ME THERE.

HANG ON, *KAYLA*, I *HAVEN'T* FORGOTTEN YOU!

ELSEWHERE IN THE GALAXY, THE WOMAN ON QUASAR'S MIND IS ALSO FOREMOST ON THE MINDS OF SOME ALIEN ENTITIES KNOWN ONLY AS THE DANCE...

YOU STUPID *WEIRDOS! STOP* THAT--I'M *WARNING* YOU!

I HAVE *INCREDIBLE POWER* AND I'LL *USE IT* ON YOU IF YOU DON'T GET ME OUT OF THIS WHATEVER IT IS!

I *COULD*, TOO--BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IF I LET THE *STAR TATTOO POWER* LOOSE, I WON'T *CONTROL* IT WELL ENOUGH AND--

--I'LL BLOW APART THIS *SHIP* AND MY FRIEND *HOLLY* WILL DIE IN THE VACUUM AND I'LL HAVE NO WAY TO *GET HOME!*

HOLLY! ARE YOU STILL *THERE?!*

YES, I'M HERE. APPARENTLY I'M NOT *INTERESTING* ENOUGH TO *EXAMINE*. THEY'RE JUST LETTING ME *STAND HERE*.

LOOK--THEY'RE EXAMINING THE *TATTOO!* I *KNEW* IT--THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SO *INTERESTED IN!*

HEY, WHAT--?

HOLLY, LOOK-- THEY'RE--!

THEY JUST *LEFT* THE ROOM! WHAT DID YOU *DO* TO THEM?

I DON'T KNOW. *NOTHING!* I WISH I KNEW THE *SIGN LANGUAGE* THEY SEEM TO BE SPEAKING.

DID THEY... *HURT* YOU? WHAT'S IT *FEEL* LIKE INSIDE THERE?

ACTUALLY IT FEELS LIKE ONE OF THOSE *MASSAGE BEDS.*

MAYBE THEY RECOGNIZED WHAT THIS *ENERGY TATTOO* IS, AND THEY'VE GONE TO GET INSTRUMENTS TO *REMOVE IT!*

OR...OR... MAYBE THEY'RE *FRIGHTENED* OF IT, AND THEY'VE GONE TO GET SOMETHING TO *KILL ME!*

I...I COULD--I DON'T KNOW, WHAT DO YOU *WANT* ME TO DO?

JUST *STAY* BY ME, HOLLY. I'M *AFRAID.* I DON'T WANT TO *DIE ALONE...*

OKAY...

EARTH, THE SUB-BASEMENT OF AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS...

THOR--?!?

EH?

'TIS *NO FAIR*, ERIC! MY *CONCENTRATION* WAS SHATTERED!

UH, *SORRY* ABOUT THAT, GUYS!

YOUNG *QUASAR!* I HAD *HEARD* THOU SURVIVED THE ORDEAL WITH THE *NULLIFIER!* HOW GOOD TO *SEE* THEE!

LIKEWISE, HERC.

HEY, I LIKE YOUR *NEW LOOK*, THOR!

THANKS! ONLY IT'S *NOT* THOR ANYMORE, IT'S... WELL, MY *MACE* IS CALLED *THUNDERSTRIKE*, AND THAT'S WHAT MOST FOLKS ARE CALLING *ME*...

...WHEN THEY'RE NOT CALLING ME "*BOZO.*"

WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL ME *ERIC*?

THEN... YOU DON'T HAVE *THOR'S POWERS* ANYMORE?

SOME...BUT NOT ALL.

UH...WHAT ABOUT BEING ABLE TO *WARP SPACE* AND MAKE *PORTALS* TO OTHER PLACES IN THE GALAXY?

NOPE. SORRY. WHY?

WELL, I NEED TO GET WHERE MY *QUANTUM-BANDS* ARE. I *KNOW* WHERE THEY ARE, AND I DO HAVE *SOME* SORT OF *POWER* LEFT-- THAT *TATTOO* ON MY EYE--

--BUT I'M NOT SURE IT'S GOING TO *LAST ME* ALL THE WAY ACROSS SPACE TO WHERE I NEED TO GO. WOULD BE KIND OF A *DRAG* TO HAVE IT *CONK OUT* HALF WAY THERE, HUH?

SO YOU WERE HOPING I COULD GIVE YOU A *LIFT*, HUH?

HERC--?

ER, CONFOUND THIS SLIPPERY *IMPLEMENT!*

ANYWAY, QUAZE-- IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR *COMPANY* AND YOU DON'T THINK IT WILL TAKE ALL *THAT LONG*, I'M GAME.

HUH? YOU *ARE*?!?

BOING

AND SO...

I'D LIKE TO *TELL ERIC* HOW MUCH I *APPRECIATE* HIS COMING ALONG LIKE THIS, BUT NOW THAT WE'RE OUT OF EARTH'S *ATMOSPHERE*, OUR ONLY HOPE OF COMMUNICATING IS BY *LIP READING.*

GEE, I WONDER HOW HE *BREATHES* OUT HERE WITHOUT ANY AIR. SOME KIND OF *ENCHANTMENT* OF HIS MACE... OR IS HE *HOLDING HIS BREATH?!*

BETTER FIND THE *ENERGY TRAIL* MY Q-BANDS LEFT, GRAB HOLD OF ERIC'S COLLAR SO WE DON'T GET *SEPARATED*, DO WARP-SPACE HOP, SKIP AND JUMP, *STARBRAND STYLE*...

...AND PRAY I DON'T BURN OUT THE *TATTOO'S POWER* IN SO DOING!

LET'S DO IT.

AND *THERE'S* THE TRAIL.

A HEARTBEAT OR AN ETERNITY LATER...

<THIS IS UNDER MY JURISDICTION NOW, EXPLORER. MAKE NO MOVE UNTIL I PASS JUDGMENT.>#

<THE CAREGIVER MAY HAVE BEEN THE FIRST OF US TO DISCOVER THE ORGANISM, BUT BY THE GRAND ASTROGATOR, I CLAIM THE RIGHT OF EXPLORATION!>

<I CARE NOTHING ABOUT THE ORGANISM, BUT WHAT IS IN THE ORGANISM'S POSSESSION IS ANOTHER MATTER!>

<WHAT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, RUBANNA, I MAKE LIFE SIMPLER!>

<LIFE IS MEANT TO BE COMPLEX, MY CHILD!>

WHAT THE--?!?

HOT ZOT! WE MADE IT!

*<TRANSLATED FROM VARIOUS TELEPATHIC ALIEN LANGUAGES.> --MIKLATOR

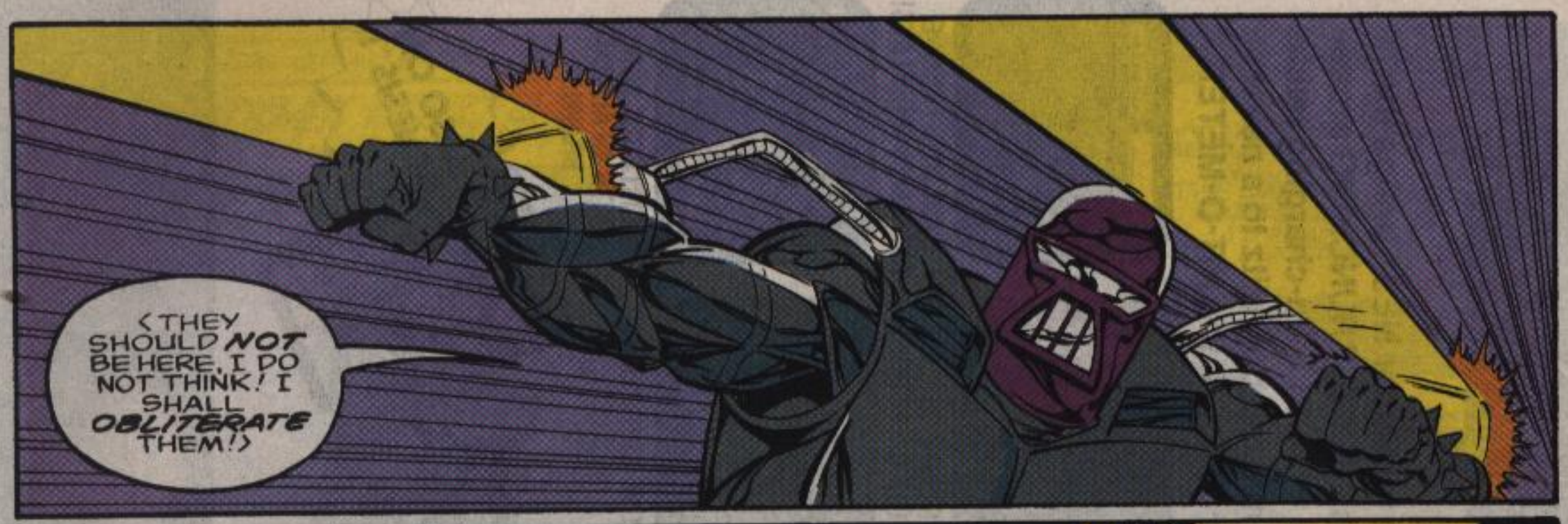
HEY, WHAT'S THIS--SOME SORT OF CONVENTION?

POOR ERIC'S MORE CONFUSED THAN I AM. I AT LEAST RECOGNIZE THE CONTEMPLATOR AND THE CAREGIVER--TWO OF THE ELDERS!

ONCE I GET MY Q-BANDS BACK, I'LL BE ABLE TO CLUE HIM IN.

I'LL SIGNAL HIM, TELL HIM EVERYTHING'S COOL.

<HOLD! SHORTLIFERS APPROACH!>


〈THEY SHOULD NOT BE HERE, I DO NOT THINK! I SHALL OBLITERATE THEM!〉

HEY!
ONE OF THOSE JOKERS, ATTACKING!
FINALLY-- SOMETHING I UNDERSTAND!

〈I DO NOT RECOGNIZE THEM, KAMO THARN. YOU?〉
〈THEY ARE BEINGS OF THE PLANET EARTH COME TO POSSESS WHAT IS OURS ALONE!〉

HEY, CONTEMPLATOR! OOPS. I MEAN--
HEY, CONTEMPLATOR! TELL THESE OTHER GUYS WHO I AM--THAT I COME IN PEACE!
CONTEMPLATOR...?

THAT'S FUNNY. HE'S IGNORING--
GHHHH!
〈REACH OUT MY RUNESTAFF! TASTE OF HIS LIFE FORCE!〉

THE PLANET GROSGUMBEEK, WHERE MERE MOMENTS AGO QUASAR'S FRIEND MAAKARI LANDED...

BON VOYAGE! THANKS FOR THE RACING TIPS!

WELL, THAT'S THAT. THE MOURNERS HAVE SPLIT AND I'VE JUST KISSED OFF MY ONLY RIDE OFF THIS BIG GREEN MARBLE.

NOW IF THEY WERE JUST KIDDING ME ABOUT THERE BEING A RACE OF SUPERFAST BEINGS WHO LIVE HERE, I AM GOING TO BE UP CRUD CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE!

BUT IF THEY'RE RIGHT, THEN I'LL HAVE FOUND WHAT I WANT MOST IN ALL THE GLITTERING GALAXY -- THE SECRET TO ULTIMATE SPEED!

SO NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TRYING TO FIND THESE RUNNING RASCALS WHEN THEY MAY ALL BE MOVING TOO FAST FOR EVEN MY EYES TO SEE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER (AS WE RECKON TIME)...

WHAT THE HEY IS THAT BLUR? ONE OF THE FAST PEOPLE? I'VE GOT TO POUR IT ON... TRY TO MATCH SPEEDS!

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH! IT'S A DEFINITE CREATUROID!

WE'RE TRAVELING WAY TOO FAST FOR SOUND TO REACH HIS EARS... LET ME SEE IF I CAN HAND SIGNAL HIM SOMEHOW!

WHAT--? THE HOOFER'S TAKEN A *TUMBLE!* MAN! AT THIS SPEED, HE'S GONNA BE ROLLING FOR *KILOMETERS.*

BETTER TRY TO *CATCH UP,* SLOW HIS MO!

EASY, GUY! *EASY* NOW!

YOU'VE SPUN *OUT OF CONTROL!*

YOU *OKAY?*

HE'S WHEEZING, WAY OUT OF *BREATH!*

ARE YOU *HURT?*

NOT HURT... *OLD*... TAKING *LAST RUN* BEFORE LIFESTOP... REACHED *END*...

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO *HELP YOU?*

NO... DONE IT *ALL*...

I'M FAST, BUT I WANT TO LEARN TO BE *FASTER.* IS THERE ANYONE TO --

HE STOPPED *BREATHING.* HE'S *DEAD.*

MAY YOU *REST* AS WELL AS YOU'VE RUN, OLD TIMER.

OKAY, BACK TO *SQUARE ONE.* BUT AT LEAST I KNOW THE *FAST PEOPLE* ARE AROUND.

I JUST HOPE THAT THE ONLY FOLKS *SLOW ENOUGH* FOR ME TO CATCH UP TO *AREN'T* THE *NEARLY DEAD* AND *NEWLY BORN!*

MEANWHILE...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE *POINTING THAT*, GORT!

<THIS BEING HAS GREAT *PHYSICAL STRENGTH!* GOOD! THE GREATER THE STRENGTH, THE BETTER THE *KILL!*>

AAAAAAH!

<WHAT IS *THAT*, MY RUNESTAFF? HIS *LIFEFORCE* HAS A MOST UNUSUAL *TASTE*... SOMETHING *EXTRADIMENSIONAL*, YOU SAY?>

<ALL THE MORE REASON TO *POSSESS IT* FOR OUR OWN, EH?>

QUAZE LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A *BAD WAY!*

LET ME BORROW BUCKET-BOY'S HANDY-DANDY *SCORCH-BLASTER* A MOMENT--!

<WHAT ARE YOU--?!?>

RAAAAGGH!

HUH?

<*WITLESS SHORTLIFER!* YOU THINK THAT IS MY *ONLY* OBLITERATOR-RAY? I WAS *SAVING* THIS ONE!>

OH, *GREAT!* WHILE THOR--I MEAN *THUNDERSTRIKE*--WAS HELPING *ME* OUT OF A JAM--

--HE GOT *HIMSELF* INTO ONE!

UNNH! FLYING SLUGGISHLY... THIS *STICK* OF HIS TOOK A LOT OF ENERGY OUT OF ME, AND GRABBING HOLD OF IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO *GET IT BACK!*

BETTER TRY TO HELP *ERIC* BEFORE I *FAINT* OR SOMETHING!

IN *WESTERNS* YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *SHOOT* SOMEONE IN THE *BACK*...BUT WHO *WATCHES* WESTERNS ANYMORE?

<WHAT? MY *BATTERY-POD!* SOMETHING--!>

GETTING HARD TO *BREATHE...!*

DON'T KNOW HOW THE *STARBRAND* WORKED WHERE IT *CAME FROM*--

--BUT IN *THIS* UNIVERSE, ITS POWER CAN *DEFINITELY BE TAPPED OUT!*

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT TO THE *COSMIC-FETUS*-- GET MY *Q-BANDS*-- BEFORE I--

<*HOLO*, SHORTLIFER! APPROACH NO FURTHER YON UNIDENTIFIED CREATURE! I, *ZAMANATHAN RAMBUNAZETH*, HAVE LAID FIRST CLAIM TO *DISCOVERY RIGHTS* TO SAID BEING!>

L-LOOK, PAL, I DON'T *DISPUTE* YOUR RIGHTS. I JUST WANT TO *FETCH* SOMETHING OF MINE FROM INSIDE THAT *EMBRYONIC SAC!*

<YOU HAVE *ENCOUNTERED* THIS CREATURE BEFORE?>

HUFF HUFF YEAH... SAVED ITS LIFE *ONCE.*

<THE HUMAN SPEAKS *TRULY,* EXPLORER.>

<*BAH!* THEN I *WITHDRAW* MY CLAIM! THAT WHICH IS *KNOWN* TO OTHERS IS OF *NO INTEREST* TO ME!>

<BUT WHAT MAKES *YOU,* A MERE MORTAL, THINK THAT YOU WILL BE *ALLOWED* TO EXPLORE THAT WHICH THE JUDICATOR HAS DENIED *ME?!*>

HUUUUP! LOOK, I DON'T *WANT* TO EXPLORE... I JUST...

<I WILL HEAR YOUR PETITION TO *APPROACH* THE NASCENT ORGANISM.>

HUH?

BLAST YOU, I DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO-- HUUUUUUUK!

POWER FLATLINING-- I'M LOSING MY... MY ABILITY TO *BREATHE* IN SPACE--! BLAST! *BLAST! BLAST!*

SO CLOSE...!

<KNOW MERCY.>

HUH? --I'M-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M!

HELLO QUASAR.

UH, OKAY. HI. YOU SEEM TO KNOW ME, BUT I'M AT A LOSS.

I AM ORIGIN. I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ME.

ORIGIN? YOU MEAN-- THAT OLD LADY IN MY HOMETOWN WHO... WHO I SAVED FROM SOME COSMIC CREATURE IN THE FORM OF A SMALL BOY?!?*

YOU DO REMEMBER. I AM PLEASED.

BUT... YOU DIED... OF NATURAL CAUSES...

DID I NOT SAY I WOULD BE REBORN ELSEWHERE IN A NEW FORM? THIS IS MY NEW FORM.

OKAY. I'LL ACCEPT THAT. BUT MY QUANTUM-BANDS... HOW DID YOU GET THEM?

YOU HELPED ME AT TWO CRITICAL JUNCTURES ALREADY.** SO WHEN YOU FACED SUCH AN EVENT WHILE WIELDING THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER, I CHOSE TO HELP YOU.

UH, GREAT! THANKS.

NOW TAKE YOUR BANDS AND GO. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN IN A FEW OF YOUR YEARS... AFTER I HAVE COME TO TERM.

*WAY BACK IN THE CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE #18.
**ALSO IN ISSUE #36. --LIVE MIKE

MY QUANTUM-BANDS--
WOW! THANKS!

PLEASE PUT THEM ON *OUTSIDE* MY SAC. THE ENERGY INTERFACE WOULD BE DISRUPTIVE TO MY *STILL-FRAGILE BEING*...

RIGHT. *GOODBYE!*

<HE *EMERGES*, CARRYING TWO ENERGY-TRANSFORMATION ARTIFACTS. BY WHAT *AUTHORITY* HAS HE REMOVED THEM?>

<HE LIVES, AND HE HAS NOT HARMED THE *ORGANISM*. THAT IS ALL THAT INTERESTS *ME*.>

<THIS SHORTLIFER IS TOO *PRESUMPTUOUS* FOR MY LIKING!>

<BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU *ATTACH* THOSE ARTIFACTS TO YOUR ARMS?>

JUDGE, THESE QUANTUM-BANDS WERE *GIVEN ME* BY THE TIME BEING KNOWN AS *EON*. AND IF YOU HAVEN'T *HEARD* OF EON...

...IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HER AUTHORITY IS SO MUCH GREATER THAN *YOURS*, YOU'D GET A *NOSEBLEED* JUST *THINKING* ABOUT IT.

YES!

CONTEMPLATOR!? WHAT DID YOU *DO*--?!?

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS*, HUMAN?

AHHH! FEELS SO GOOD TO HAVE *THIS BABY* BACK ON MY ARM!

NOW FOR THE *OTHER*--

YOU'RE *NOT* THE *REAL* CONTEMPLATOR!

I SHOULD HAVE *SUSPECTED!* CONTY MENTIONED TO ME ONCE HE SUSPECTED SOMEONE WAS *IMPERSONATING* HIM!

WHY DIDN'T I *SUSPECT* YOU? YOU'RE *CHUBBIER* THAN THE REAL THING.

BELIEVE WHAT YOU *WILL* ABOUT ME, HUMAN. IT DOESN'T *MATTER* ANYMORE.

NOW SURRENDER THE *OTHER* BRACELET OR I WILL SEND AN *ENERGY BLAST* STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF YOUR *EMBRYONIC FRIEND.*

SORRY, CHUBS-- BUT THE FIRST THING TO *KNOW* ABOUT THESE BANDS IS THAT THEY *DON'T COME OFF--* AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE WEARER IS *DEAD!*

OH, *SO?* THEN HOW DID THEY COME OFF *YOU* AND FIND THEMSELVES *HERE?*

I *DIED*... KINDA.

THEN IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WILL HAVE TO *DIE AGAIN.*

NOT LIKELY. I HAVE INFINITELY *MORE CONTROL* AND *PRACTICE* OVER MY BAND THAN YOU HAVE OVER YOURS.

ANY MOVE YOU MAKE I CAN *BLOCK.*

AS I SEE IT, YOU HAVE *TWO CHOICES:*

SEVER YOUR *ARM* AND *RETURN* THE BAND TO ME...

...OR *DIE* WHEN YOUR LACK OF CONTROL OVER IT CAUSES THE BAND TO OVERLOAD AND *EXPLODE.*

WHAT'S IT GOING TO *BE*... CHUBS?

ULP!

NEITHER!

<THE EMBRYO!>

THERE!

BLOCKED IT!

TOLD YOU I COULD!

THAT WAS REALLY *REPREHENSIBLE*, MAN! SHOOTING AT AN *INNOCENT* LIKE THAT!

YOU WANT SOMETHING TO *SHOOT AT*? TRY *THIS*!

EHH!

YOU *FOOL*! YOU CANNOT *POSSIBLY* HAVE MY WILL TO WIN!

SAYS *YOU*!

IT'D BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO SHOOT A *MEGADOSE OF QUANTUM ENERGY* INTO HIS BAND, CAUSE IT TO BUILD UP OUT OF CONTROL AND *DISINTEGRATE* HIM.

BIG BURNOUTS HAPPENED TO THE *LAST TWO GUYS* TO WEAR THESE THINGS BEFORE *I* DID.

IS THAT MY *ONLY OPTION*, THEN--TO *KILL* THE LITTLE PORKER TO GET MY *PROPERTY BACK*?!?

THE SHIP OF THE DANCE...

KAYLA!

OWW!

I'M FREE! WHATEVER WAS HOLDING ME-- LET GO!

COME ON! LET'S MOVE BEFORE THEY CHANGE THEIR MIND!

NOT SO FAST! LOOK! THAT WINDOW!

OH, SWEET--! IT LOOKS LIKE...! CAN IT BE--?!?

MAYBE IT'S NOT A WINDOW. MAYBE IT'S LIKE A VIDEO MONITOR.

WHY WOULD THEY HAVE VIDEOS OF EARTH? ONES THAT LOOK LIKE THESE FLY-BY SHOTS?!?

IT'S REAL, HOLLY! I KNOW IT!

I'LL PROVE IT!

KREEEEESH

SEE? AIR! CLOUDS! GRASS! GROUND!

I DON'T KNOW *HOW* OR *WHY*, BUT THOSE GOOFY DANCERS GAVE US A *LIFT HOME!!!*

PROBABLY WERE SCARED OF YOUR *POWER*, WANTED TO GET *RID OF YOU* WITHOUT TICKING YOU OFF!

OUTER SPACE...

WELL, I'M *DOING* IT. USING MY MASTERY OVER MY Q-BAND TO GIVE HIS *MORE POWER* THAN ANY *NOVICE* CAN POSSIBLY HANDLE...!

PROUD OF MYSELF?

‹THERE IS GOING TO BE A VAST *ENERGY DISCHARGE!* JUDICATOR, HELP ME SHIELD THE *FETUS* FROM THE BLAST!›

‹SORRY. NOT UNDER MY *JURISDICTION!* I MUST BE *AWAY!*›

‹EH! I'M... THE *INFERNAL ENERGY*--! I CAN'T STAY ON TOP OF IT!›

HE'S GOING TO *SELF-DESTRUCT* ANY MOMENT... THANKS TO *ME.*

SOME *PROTECTOR* I TURNED OUT TO BE!

UNLESS--!

3TOOOM

AAAAAH!

MANAGED TO CONTAIN THE BLAST TO ABOUT *ONE FOOT DIAMETER!*

BLEW UP HIS ARM... BUT SPARED HIS *LIFE.*

NOW THE *OTHER* QUANTUM-BAND IS MINE--!

ALL RIGHT!

I'VE GOT MY *QUANTUM-BANDS* BACK, AND BY EON, NOBODY'S *EVER* GONNA TAKE THEM FROM ME *AGAIN!*

A Smith '93 © Marvel

NEXT:

QUASAR VERSUS THUNDERSTRIKE